

**TERROR TRAPS THE TORTURED HEAP!!**

# PSYCHO

02352

NOV  
1971



TM

A SKYWALK PUBLICATION

WHO DARES DEFY  
THE DEMON WITCH?

**DREAMER  
BEWARE!**



**FRANKENSTEIN  
IN THE SEWER  
TOMB OF LE SUBB!**

Don't... y!

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Boal's 71

# PSYCHO SCENE

Webster's New World Dictionary describes **earth-worm** (ŭrth'würm'), n., a round, segmented worm that burrows in the soil.

*Above is Webster's description!*

*Below, is Wild Bill Everett's version.*



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# PSYCHO

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Some husbands just love being henpecked, underneath it all. Then, there are others. Like our harried hero of this story. Who's had it until it almost killed him—or her.

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# Let the Dreamer Beware



SOME PEOPLE ARE CURSED  
WITH LEPROSY...

HE IS PAYING  
BITTERLY FOR  
THE SINS OF  
A HUNDRED  
REINCARNATIONS!

I BEG  
YOU...  
ALMS...

KEEP  
AWAY!

IT IS WHISPERED THAT A  
CERTAIN UNFORTUNATE MAN  
EXISTS WHO IS CURSED BY  
HAVING BEEN BORN WITH  
WORMS...

DO YOU STILL  
LOVE ME, NOW  
THAT YOU KNOW  
MY SECRET?

GET OUT  
OF MY SIGHT  
FOREVER, YOU—YOU  
SPAWN OF SATAN!

NOW MEET ALEX NIMBO WHO IS  
AFFLICTED WITH ONE OF THE MOST  
LOATHSOME MALADIES THAT EVER  
BESSET MORTAL MAN—A LAZY,  
NAGGING WIFE...

IF YOU THINK I'M  
GOING TO DO HOUSE-  
WORK FOR A NOBODY  
LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!  
SCRAPE THAT FLOOR  
AND GIVE IT THREE  
COATS OF VARNISH!

VILE, SOUL-  
MULCHED  
SLAVE-  
DRIVER!

OFTEN WHEN ALEX CAME HOME LATE FROM  
HIS STRENUOUS JOB AT THE PAPER MILL...

YOU WEAK, I'M  
NOT GOING TO HAVE  
A HOT MEAL!

YOU CAN HEAT  
THAT CAN OF  
SARDINES FOR  
ALL I CARE!

YOU GOT HANDS!  
OPEN THE CAN!  
YOU GOT TEETH?  
EAT WHAT'S IN IT!

AND WHEN ALEX SWALLOWS HIS PRIDE AND SEEKS EVEN  
A CRUMB OF AFFECTION...

I'M A MAN WITH NORMAL  
PHYSIOLOGICAL URGES, AND  
I WANT...UH...

THIS IS WHAT  
YOU'LL GET...

FLORENCE, I CAN'T  
GO ON LIKE THIS  
MUCH LONGER!

MAYBE IT WOULD  
BE BETTER FOR  
BOTH OF US TO  
GET A DIVORCE!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN'  
NO DIVORCE  
OUTTA ME, NISTER!  
YOU EARN TOO  
LITTLE TO PAY  
MUCH ALIMONY!

AND IF YOU  
THINK I'M  
GONNA WORK  
TO SUPPORT  
MYSELF WHEN  
I GOT YOU  
WHERE I WANT  
YOU, YOU'RE CRAZY!

**SPIT!**



IF YOU DARE MENTION DYNADICE TO ME AGAIN, I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BROTHERS BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR STUPID BODY!

AND YOU KNOW WHICH BROTHER I MEAN--PHIL, WHO JUST GOT OUT OF THE ASYLUM!

PHIL LIKES...  
HURTING PEOPLE!...  
I--CAN'T--STAND  
PAIN...

SLEEP IS SLOW IN COMING TO THE TRAPPED, EMBITTERED HUMAN BEING KNOWN AS ALEX NWIBO...

NO WAY OUT!  
I'M THE LEGAL PRISONER OF A LEECH!

FLORENCE IS SUCKING AWAY ANY CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS I MIGHT HAVE HAD!



I'M HUMAN! I HAVE A RIGHT TO REAL LOVE...

IF ONLY I COULD FIND IT...

SOMEWHERE... ANYWHERE... I'D...

TO SACRIFICE ANYTHING...

TO...GET IT...



AS BODY WEARINESS FORCES HIS RESENTMENTS TO DWINDLE, ONLY ALEX'S INTENSE ROMANTIC YEARNINGS REMAIN, AS SLEEP...TAKES...OVER...



A MIST-INSTANT LATER, ALEX IS AFOAT AMIDST AN EPHEMERAL WORLD OF SENSES--DAZZLING BEAUTY...

EVERYWHERE... ABOUT ME--LOVELINESS THAT THRILLS AND INSPIRES...

PERMEATING ALL... A SUBTLE, GUBBINE FRAGRANCE THAT ENCHANTS AND EXPANDS THE SENSES! SOOTHING AWAY ALL PSYCHO-NEUROTIC SYMPTOMS...

MY HEART--MY SOUL--ARE EXPERIENCING AN ALMOST EXPLOSIVE JOY!

BORN ALONG BY A MYSTICALLY VIBRANT CURRENT, ALEX RAPIDLY OBSERVES MORE DELIGHTS...



EVERYONE IS RADIANTLY ATTRACTIVE! I SENSE THESE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WANT ME HERE WITH THEM!

AND AS THE  
STRANGE  
CURRENT  
WHIRLS ALEX  
ALONG EVER-  
MORE  
SWIFTLY...

I SENSE  
I'M BEING  
TRANSPORTED  
SOMEWHERE  
FOR SOME VERY  
SPECIAL  
PURPOSE!

EVEN IF THIS IS ONLY  
A DREAM... I LOVE EVERY  
MARVELOUS INSTANT OF IT!  
BUT WHERE AM I GOING? AND  
FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

ABRUPTLY,  
ALEX'S  
FORM  
HALTS  
HOVERING  
BEFORE A  
GIANTIC,  
EXOTIC  
BEAUTY...

I WHO AM KNOWN  
AS **BLEETH** HAVE  
BEEN WAITING LONG  
FOR YOU, ALEX KIMBO!  
I KNOW THE FULL  
POWER AND MAGNI-  
FICENCE WHICH HAS  
BEEN REPPRESSED  
WITHIN YOU  
TOO LONG!

AND AS THE EXPANDED ALEX  
SOON EQUALS THE GIANTESS IN  
STATURE... I HAVE HUNGRED  
...YEARNED... FOR YOU FOR UN-  
TOLD ETERNITIES!

I LOVE  
YOU, ALEX!  
SUPREMACY  
TOTALLY!

BUT WHY ME? THERE  
ARE SO MANY MEN IN  
THIS... ER... DREAM WORLD  
HANDSOMER THAN ME!

NO MORE QUESTIONS!  
HERE IN THIS EXTRA-  
DIMENSIONAL PLANE...  
YOU AND I SHARE A  
CHARISMATIC LOVE SO  
RARE... SO INFINITE...  
THAT WE WILL BE THE  
ENVY OF THE DIMEN-  
SIONAL DEITIES  
THEMSELVES!

YES,  
**BLEETH**...  
YES!!

I'M...  
ENLARGING!

THEN THE VIBRATORY  
CURRENT WINKLES  
BRIEFLY DIMINISHED,  
RESUMES ITS INTEN-  
SITY AND SNATCHES  
ALEX AWAY...

NO! NO! I'M  
BEING TAKEN  
AWAY FROM YOU!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO LEAVE YOU  
EVER!

HELP ME REMAIN  
HERE! I BEG YOU,  
**BLEETH**!

YOU CAN RETURN,  
FOR TIME WITHOUT  
END, IF YOU DARE  
PAY THE PRICE...

NAME THE  
PRICE...

THE PRICE IS  
ARGUABLY SMALL!  
KILL THE FOUL-  
MOUTHED HARRI-  
DAAL, YOUR WIFE,  
FLORENCE!

BUT IF I MURDER HER,  
THE LAW OF MEN WILL  
EXECUTE ME FOR  
THE CRIME!

NOT SO, BE-  
LOVED! ONCE THE  
DEED IS DONE...  
JUST DOZE OFF...  
AND YOU SHALL BE  
TRANSPORTED  
BACK TO THIS DO-  
MAIN TO THE WAITING  
ARMS OF **BLEETH**!

I'LL  
DO  
IT!!



A SPIT-INSTANT AFTERWARD, ALEX OPENS HIS EYES TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A HATEFULLY SHRIEKING VOICE...

SERVE ME BREAKFAST IN BED YOU DUMBHEAD YOU!

AND USE THAT DECORANT I MADE YOU BUY! YOU STINK!

FOR ONCE, ALEX BUOYS OBEYING ONE OF FLORENCE'S COMMANDS...

UGH! WHAT MAKES THIS GARBAGE TASTE SO ANFUL!

QUITE POSSIBLY, THE RAT-POISON I ADDED...

GASP! I'LL TELL THE POLICE EVERYTHING--ON THE PHONE! YOU'LL BURN FOR THIS, YOU LOUSY ROTTEN MURDERER... AAARGH!!

SHE'LL BE DEAD QUICKLY!

NO FUSS, NO WORRY, ABOUT WHAT THE LAW WOULD DO TO ME! AFTER I SWALLOW A FEW OF THESE SLEEPING PILLS...

I'LL BE IN THAT GLORIOUS DREAM-WORLD... REUNITED WITH DEAR LIMEETH FOREVER AND EVER... AND EVER...

THE PILLS DOWNED, NIMBO'S TRANSITION TO THE SLUMBER-DIMENSION OCCURS WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS...

WHY ARE THEY SMILING AT ME SO REGULARLY LIKE CATS-- AT A MOUSE!

THUDD!

S- SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS CHANGING! THE ATTRACTIVE STRUCTURES ARE DEGENERATING INTO DECAYING, MOULDY, SLIM-DRENCHED RUINS! THE INCREDIBLY HANDSOME PEOPLE...

ARE BEING ALTERED INTO UNDOUBT MONSTROSITIES!

AND BLEETH! SHE'S B-BEING TRANSFORMED INTO A REPULSIVELY GHASTLY OLD CRONE!

COME CLOSER, LOVERBOY! KISS MY DECAYING LIPS BEFORE I TASTE HEE-HEE--YOUR JUGULAR VEIN!

GREE-YAAH! THEY'RE DEMONS WHO DISGUISED THEMSELVES INTO LOOKING BEAUTIFUL...

...TO TRICK ME INTO DOING THEIR EVIL WILL!

I-I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS DREAM-WORLD OF HORROR, BACK TO THE NORMAL WORLD OF THE LIVING!



ALEX'S AWAKENING WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUALLY RAPID UNPRISONMENT!



BUT WITH THE ARRIVAL OF NIGHTFALL, ALEX'S COMPOSURE CRACKS...



ALEX'S CONTINUED CLAMOR EARNS HIM A SESSION WITH THE PRISON DOCTOR...



PRESENTLY  
LOOKED UP  
AGAIN...

THERE ARE  
INDESCRIBABLE  
HORRORS LURK-  
ING IN THE  
DREAM DIMENSION,  
YOU DAMNED  
SWINE!

I NEED  
COFFEE  
TO STAY  
AWAKE!

THEY'RE  
IGNORING  
ME! THE  
RATS!

NIMBO'S FRENZIED EFFORT TO REMAIN  
AWAKE IS A LONG BATTLE! HIS BLOOD-  
SHOT, WEARIED EYES! KEEP DROOP-  
ING LOWER...AND LOWER YET...

RESISTANCE...  
Dwindling...SLEEP...  
--CREEPING IN--  
WHILE DEMONS  
WAIT...

ABRUPTLY, ALEX IS AGAIN  
IN THE REALM OF THE  
ABOMINABLE NIGHTMARE...

TH-THE NAUSEATING  
EXCRESCENCES...  
SLITHERING YAWMER-  
INGLY IN AT ME!

HE IS  
OURS!

LOVER, BOY DOES  
NOT SEEM PLEASED  
TO SEE HIS  
ADDRES...HEE-HEE-  
HEE...GILBERT!

INTO THE POOL  
WITH THE FOOL!

SONS OF  
CORRUPTION!  
YOU YAWKED  
ME INTO THIS  
FATE!

HUR HUR  
LISTEN TO THE  
WHINING MURDERER!  
A TYPICAL HOMO  
SAPIENS  
RETROGRADE!

INTO THE ACID  
POOL WITH THE  
CARRION!

ACID?

NEXT MORNING, IN THE CELL OF  
PRISONER, ALEX NIMBO...

THIS IS NUTS!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
HERE BUT THAT  
SKELETON! IT'S  
GOT NO CLOTHING  
--NO FLESH--

AND THAT EVIL  
ACID ODOR FROM  
THE SKELETON  
SMELLS EXACTLY  
LIKE...

ACID!

YUUUUURGH!

END

**BEGINNING: "THE POWER OF THE PEN!"**

VITAL INFORMATION SECURED, UNDERCOVER AGENT GEORGE MARSH STALKED DOWN THE RAIN-SLICK PAVEMENTS OF THE CITY JUNGLE, INTENT ON COMPLETING THE LAST STEP OF HIS ASSIGNMENT...

NOW THAT I KNOW A LARGE SHIPMENT OF DANGEROUS NARCOTICS IS DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW, THE ONLY PIECE REMAINING TO THE PUZZLE IS TO FIND OUT WHERE...AND MY ANONYMOUS CONFIDANT SHOULD BE ABLE TO TELL ME THAT!

AS MARSH BEGAN TO CROSS THE WET STREET, A PARKED CAR OMINOUSLY FLASHED ON ITS HEADLIGHTS—UNNOTICED BY THE PREOCCUPIED AGENT...

I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME ABOUT THREE BLOCKS AWAY! STILL GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES—PLENTRY OF TIME. I JUST HOPE HE SHOWS UP SO THIS DOPE RING CAN BE SMASHED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE CAR ROARED TO METALLIC LIFE, AND LURCHED FROM THE CURB...



END OF CHAPTER THREE, EH, MR. DENNING? WELL, I LIKE IT! WHY NOT FINISH IT AND IF THE REST IS AS GOOD AS THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS, I THINK WE CAN USE IT--FLAT RATE OF THREE THOUSAND PLUS STANDARD ROYALTIES. VERY VIVID STUFF SO FAR, MR. DENNING! AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH WORDS--I GUESS IT'S THE...

# POWER of the PEN!

THANK YOU, MR. CROWLEY! GLAD YOU LIKED IT. I'LL START WORK ON THE REST TOMORROW-- SHOULD BE DONE IN THREE OR FOUR MONTHS, FOLLOWING THE OUTLINE I GAVE YOU ALONG WITH THOSE THREE-SAMPLE CHAPTERS!

TERRIFIC! IF ONLY IT WAS THIS EASY TO SELL A BOOK EVERY TIME! I'M GOING TO GO STRAIGHT HOME AND PHONE GEORGE ABOUT THE GOOD NEWS!

THAT'LL BE FINE! YOU'LL BE RECEIVING AN ADVANCE IN THE MAIL NEXT WEEK OR SO!

THANK YOU, SIR. GOOD AFTERNOON.



A HECTIC CAR RIDE THROUGH THE CITY'S LATE AFTERNOON TRAFFIC SNARL FINALLY BRINGS JEFF DENNING TO HIS MODEST APARTMENT...

WAIT'LL GEORGE HEAR I USED HIS NAME FOR THE MAIN CHARACTER IN A CRIME NOVEL, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN SOLD!

I THINK HALF THE FUN OF WRITING IS INJECTING ALL THE "IN" JOKEES AND USING FRIENDS AS CHARACTERS IN BIZARRE SITUATIONS!

BRING!  
BRING!

HAHA... GUESS GEORGE ISN'T HOME. IT'S ODD THAT HE ISN'T--HIS WIFE USUALLY HAS DINNER PREPARED BY THIS TIME. OH WELL, I THINK I'LL GET TO WORK ON THE NEXT CHAPTER...

LET'S SEE...CHAPTER FOUR--"DEATH'S DOORWAY." GEORGE MARSH GRADUALLY AWAKE THROUGH A MISTY HAZE OF DULLED PAIN TO FIND HIMSELF HELPLESSLY CONFINED TO A HOSPITAL BED."

"ELUSIVE IMAGES DANCED BEFORE HIS UNFOCUSED VISION--THE IMAGES OF HIS WIFE AND TWO GRIM DOCTORS."

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE, MRS. MARSH. I'M AFRAID I MUST BE FRANK-- HE MAY NOT PULL THROUGH!

H-HE CAN'T...O-DIE!  
!SOB! YOU MUST DO SOMETHING! SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM LIVE...

WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN, MRS. MARSH. IT'S NOT UP TO US ANY MORE.

CLACK!  
XCK!  
CLACK!

THROUGH  
THE  
CRIPPING  
PAIN,  
MARSH  
THOUGHT  
DOGGEDLY  
OF ONLY  
ONE  
THING...

I'M SWORN TO SECRECY! IF  
ONLY I COULD TELL THEM--  
TELL THEM I'M AN UNDER-  
COVER AGENT! IF I DIE,  
MY ENTIRE ASSIGNMENT  
WILL FAIL! IT'S BEING  
JEOPARDIZED FURTHER  
WITH EVERY MOMENT  
I REMAIN IN THIS  
BED...

OH, GEORGE, YOU  
CAN'T DIE! Y-YOU  
JUST CAN'T...

GUESS I'LL TRY TO GET GEORGE  
AGAIN--TELL HIM HE'S NEXT TO  
DEATH IN MY NOVEL! HA, HA! IT'S  
REALLY HARD TO IMAGINE GEORGE  
BEING AN UNDERCOVER AGENT,  
THOUGH!

BRIBRING!

H-HELLO? OH, HELLO, JEFF. NO, GEORGE ISN'T  
HERE--;SOS!--JEFF, SOMETHING **TERRIBLE**  
HAS HAPPENED! GEORGE WAS STRUCK BY  
A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER LAST NIGHT! I  
JUST GOT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL!  
T-THEY DON'T THINK HE'LL LIVE!

YOU SAY HE'S DOWN AT MARTHA WASHINGTON  
HOSPITAL? I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN THERE,  
BONNIE! YOU JUST GIT TIGHT! I'M SURE  
EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT OKAY.

HASTILY,  
THE  
DISTRAUGHT  
WRITER  
TAXIS  
TO THE  
HOSPITAL...

THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** GEORGE MARSH,  
MY FRIEND, STRUCK DOWN BY A CAR,  
ON THE SAME NIGHT I WROTE ABOUT  
GEORGE MARSH, THE CHARACTER  
IN MY STORY, BEING HIT! IT'S  
ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BE  
**COINCIDENCE!**

AFTER  
SECURING  
PERMISSION  
FROM THE  
DOCTORS  
TO SEE HIS  
STRICKEN  
FRIEND, JEFF  
BENNING  
STANDS BY  
THE BEDSIDE  
WITNESS TO  
AN UNCANNY  
CONFESSION...

J-JEFF! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!  
I-I MUST T-TELL YOU SOMETHING  
BEFORE I GO...THEY SAY I'M SOON  
DIE--AND IF I DO, A DANGEROUS  
NARCOTICS RING WILL CONTINUE TO  
THRIVE OFF THE MONEY OF  
DESPERATELY HOPELESS PEOPLE!

WHAT??? GEORGE,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
SAYING? ARE YOU  
DELIRIOUS?

NO, JEFF! I KNOW WHAT  
I'M SAYING! I-I'M AN  
UNDERCOVER AGENT...  
YOU'VE GOT TO CONTACT  
MY SUPERIORS--HAVE  
THEM COME HERE--OR  
MY DEATH WILL BE  
IN VAIN!

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! EVERYTHING  
I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT MY CHARACTER  
WITH GEORGE'S NAME HAS ACTUALLY  
HAPPENED TO GEORGE! GOTTA GET  
HOME FAST!

ALL RIGHT, GEORGE,  
I'LL DO IT. DON'T  
YOU WORRY.

THE LIFE  
OF HIS BEST  
FRIEND  
HANGING IN  
THE BALANCE,  
JEFF BENNING  
RETURNS TO  
HIS DEPART-  
MENT AND  
THE ONLY  
APPARENT  
MEANS OF  
SALVATION  
FOR GEORGE  
MARSH...

IF MY WRITING SOMEHOW GOT  
GEORGE INTO THIS FIX, PERHAPS  
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIM  
OUT! EVEN THOUGH I DON'T  
SEE HOW IT CAN POSSIBLY  
WORK, I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

FEVERISHLY, THE FRANTIC WRITER RESUMES HIS NOVEL  
WITH AN EFFORT NEVER BEFORE EXPENDED ON ANY OF  
HIS OTHER WORKS...

I LEFT OFF WITH THE SCENE  
IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM...SO, HERE GOES--AND  
IT'D BETTER WORK! WHO CAN SAY WHAT IT WAS?  
THE SHEER DETERMINATION OF THE TOUGH AGENT  
--THE STUBBORN WILL TO LIVE--OR A MIRACLE?  
BUT WHATEVER, GEORGE MARSH FELT THE  
ROLLING MAELSTROM OF CONFUSION LIFT FROM  
HIS MIND AS A FOG ROLLS OFF THE OCEAN...



...HIS PAIN SUBSIDED, AND HE  
KNEW HE WOULD LIVE...



NOW, IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I CAN  
END THIS WHOLE BUSINESS WITH ONE  
SENTENCE! LET'S SEE...HOWEVER,  
THE INJURIES SUSTAINED IN MARSH'S  
NEAR-FATAL ACCIDENT RESULTED IN  
A CASE OF PARTIAL AMNESIA,  
PREVENTING HIM FROM REMEMBERING  
ANYTHING ABOUT HIS ROLE AS AN  
UNDERCOVER AGENT!



THAT SHOULD DO IT--I  
HOPE! I STILL CAN'T  
BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE  
THAT ALL THIS IS REALLY  
...THE PHONE!



NOW TO GET DOWN  
TO THE HOSPITAL AND  
SEE IF THAT WORKED  
ALSO!



JEFF? THIS IS  
BONNIE! THE HOSPITAL  
JUST PHONED WITH  
THE MOST WONDERFUL  
NEWS! THE DOCTORS  
CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
HOW OR WHY, BUT  
GEORGE IS GOING  
TO LIVE!



OH BONNIE, WHAT  
MARVELOUS UNEXPECTED  
NEWS! I TOLD YOU EVERY-  
THING WAS GOING TO  
BE ALL RIGHT!

WELL, GEORGE, GLAD  
TO SEE YOU'RE  
FEELING BETTER! I...  
UH...CONTACTED  
THEM AS YOU ASKED  
ME TO.

CONTACTED  
THEM?  
CONTACTED WHO,  
JEFF? WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?



GOOD? HE DOESN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT HIS "OTHER" LIFE! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CHANGE THE NAME OF MY CHARACTER TO A FICTITIOUS ONE AND I CAN FINISH THE BOOK!

UH, OUR FRIENDS, GEORGE! YOU ASKED ME TO CONTACT OUR FRIENDS AND TELL THEM ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT!

OH, I DID? MUST'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS, JEFF. I DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER--BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER; THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE DOCTORS SAY I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!

AS A RELIEVED JEFF DENNING RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT...

WELL, I SURE AM GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH! THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS THAT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE TYPEWRITER!

...AND JUST SO NOTHING ELSE LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENS AGAIN--

THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! THIS IS ONE TYPEWRITER THAT'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN!



GOOD LORD! I JUST REMEMBERED A FANTASY STORY I WROTE ABOUT A MONTH AGO CALLED "THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL" IN WHICH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IS IMPROVED IN A MIRROR THROUGHOUT ETERNITY!



AND I NAMED MY CHARACTER AFTER SANDY FREESTON! MY GOD! I HAVEN'T SEEN SANDY FOR A MONTH—SINCE I WROTE THE STORY! SHE MUST BE TRAPPED IN A MIRROR SOMEWHERE! AND I'VE JUST OBLITERATED THE TYPEWRITER BEYOND REPAIR—THE ONLY MEANS OF REVERSING

—ICK! FINE!

DAUNING REALIZATION SERVES TO FIRE THE WRITER INTO IMMEDIATE ACTION, AND ADDS HASTY IMPETUS TO HIS RESOLVE...

MUST GET OVER TO SANDY'S APARTMENT! NO TIME TO LOSE!

REACHING THE GIRL'S EAST SIDE APARTMENT, DENNING FINDS...

NO ANSWER! JUST AS I THOUGHT! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE TO DO—

THU-WACK!

A MONTH OF ACCUMULATED DUST COATS THE APARTMENT WITH STALE MUSTINESS, AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH COLDLY ATTESTS TO THE UTTER DESERTION OF THE PLACE...

SANDY? SANDY! ARE YOU HERE, SANDY?

...A DESERTION WHICH EXTENDS TO EVERY CORNER OF THE APARTMENT ... SAVE ONE!

THAT MIRROR! NO, IT CAN'T BE! BUT... BUT IT'S TRUE! SANDY IS...

...IMPRISONED IN THIS MIRROR! GOOD LORD! WHY DID I SMASH THAT TYPE-WRITER BEYOND REPAIR?!



EVEN AS THE SHOCKED WRITER LAMENTS HIS EARLIER ACTION, A STRANGE INEXPLICABLE FORCE SEIZES HIM AND DRAWS HIM INEXORABLY, TOWARDS THE POSSESSIVE MIRROR...

SEEMINGLY WITH SENTIMENTAL MALICE, THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC POWER SUCKS HIM CLOSER AND STILL CLOSER...UNTIL THE SUPER-NATURAL LOOKING GLASS BEGINS TO ENVELOPE HIM...

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M BEING FORCED TO MOVE TOWARDS THE MIRROR--CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF...CAN'T STOP!



OH, NO! I FORGOT ABOUT THE ENDING TO THAT STORY I WROTE! THE ENDING THAT SAYS...

... anyone who should attempt to rescue the cursed girl shall join her similarly in her fate of eternal imprisonment within the mirror.

The End



AND ELSEWHERE, FIVE MONTHS LATER....

WHERE IS THAT DENNING? HE'S A MONTH OVERDUE ALREADY! WHY CAN'T I EVER FIND A WRITER WHO ISN'T TOO BUSY PARTYING ALL THE TIME TO MEET A DEADLINE!





I am a horror magazine collector and think **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** are pretty good. The art is good and I have every issue of **NIGHTMARE**, but unluckily, only have issue #3 of **PSYCHO**. The thing you need is a back issue dept. **PSYCHO** #3 had a story named "Gruesome Crew-Cut" this was the best story in the whole magazine. What more can I say, **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** are great!

Eddie Boggs  
Westminster, S.C.

I just stumbled upon **PSYCHO** #3 and found "The Heap and the Horror Master" most interesting. Since I missed the first and second magazines of **PSYCHO** I wanted to ask if you are going to have some sort of way to subscribe the issues.

If you do, I will probably be the first to mail, cause I want to see how the story of **HEAP** began!

Xavier Carbajal  
Garden City, Michigan

Your letters are two of many, Xavier and Eddie. We do have a Back Issues Dept. now. You'll find it elsewhere in the magazine.



Gotta hand it to you. The apparition, inside cover of **PSYCHO** No. 4 and the **HEAP**, back cover **WOW**. These two pin-up features following a real great front cover by Ken Kelly were just too much. Absolutely the best issue of its kind, ever. Keep it up, because I'll keep coming back for more.

Robert Fine  
North Hollywood, California

The photo-spread of Behind The Planet of The Apes was a real eye-opener for me. It's fun to see how a story board can lead to some terrific movie scenes. These kind of features are great. I look forward to seeing more of them.

H. Karane  
Miami, Florida

Our photo-features man Allan Asherman, is constantly looking for new material along these lines, as you can see by the spread in this issue.



Let me praise you for your story-length policy of **PSYCHO** #3. While it is possible to produce great stories of 7 pages or less, *Gruesome Crewcut*, for instance, or more to point, the recent stories by Bernie Smith and Larry Todd for Bill Warren—10 pages have been carrying inherently more interesting stories. Case in point: *Frankenstein*, Book II, Chapter I. Here's twelve pages of drama, none of this six page build-up to a last panel twist-ending bull. (Note on *Frankenstein*, Book II, I can't wait to see how its plot unfolds. It was the primary reason I bought **PSYCHO** #3.) Whoever Sean Todd is, he's good on plots, even if the dialog lingers at times.

Brian Earl Brown  
North Manchester, Indiana

I wanted to know if you could poster the **HEAP** fighting other monsters and put it in a book of **PSYCHO**, or we could possibly buy them.

Dan Canchola  
Phoenix, Arizona

Dan, we've had a few poster requests for the **HEAP** and others. We'll look into this possibility and keep you readers informed.

I cannot begin to describe the great job you are doing on the **HEAP**! I think it is the greatest horror story I have ever read. I also think all your stories are great, but the **HEAP** is the best. I hope you'll keep it up with the whole mag. Your artists are tops, especially the ones who do the covers. The instant I saw **PSYCHO** on the shelf, I knew it was great. Another story I thought was excellent was "The Skin and Bones Syndrome" (**PSYCHO** #1). Who was the artist? Like I said before, I hope you'll stay with the **HEAP** and keep up the good work on the whole mag.

Kenneth Langan  
Bronx, N.Y.

The **HEAP** is "In," Ken. As for "The Skin and Bones Syndrome," that was illustrated by the talented Gray Morrow.

**Psycho** #3 and **Nightmare** #5 proved what I've suspected, that Boris Vallejo is the greatest horror S & S painter since Frank Frazetta. No painter since FF has been able to capture the physical perfection in the foreground and sombre, surrealistic backgrounds in Vallejo's work. I really don't care whether he does a strip for you or not (although I'm sure it would be excellent) but by all means, keep those covers coming!

As usual, the cover was the high point of the issue. You have improved greatly since **Psycho**'s #1 and #2, and have almost reached the top standard of quality. Some good points inside **Psycho** #3 were: Tom Sutton's fabulous *Frankenstein*, both art and story were great. Fox's pirate story, Andru and Esposito's miraculously good art on the **HEAP**. Some of the best they've ever done. Everett's lovely "The Man Who Stole Eternity" and Wolfman's story "Love Witch."

The tasteless and repulsive "Gruesome Crewcut" had (and has) no place in a magazine such as yours.

Suggestions: More Gardner Fox, Bill Everett, Dan Adams (penciling, too) Andru Wolfman and Ernie Colon. Try to get some of the Spa-Fan. Web of Horror artists (Wrightson, Kaluta, Brunner, Jeff and Bruce Jones) and whatever happened to Syd Shores?

Bob Strauss  
St. Petersburg, Fla. 33705

I've read and enjoyed your Skywald publications for the past few months and I've got to admit that you've got a winner on your hands. Can you really blame a fella for wanting to hop aboard?

John Workman  
Aberdeen, Wash.

So welcome aboard, John.

Not long ago I bought **PSYCHO** #3. I had seen issues #1 and #2, but had thought they were merely more cheap horror mags that flood our newsstands today. But when I saw #3, with this fantastic Vallejo cover (and I've seen his works before), I knew this was a better-than-usual publication. Looking inside, I found that I was right. I bought it, and there was not a single story therein that didn't impress me. Making a "Volume II" of **FRANKENSTEIN** is an excellent idea; and after reading "THE HEAP" I can easily see why there was so much praise in the letter column about him—er "it."

Question, however: Why does Tom Sutton call himself "Sean Todd", and why does Ernie Colon call himself "Jack Purcell"? Please don't say I'm mistaken, too often have I seen the works of both these geniuses in the pages of "Eerie" and "Creepy" to be wrong. The illustrations by these two in **PSYCHO** #3 are so great, if I were those guys I'd let it be known who really did them.

Good luck,  
Lyndon Joslin



This was the first pencil sketch of the **PSYCHO** cover #3, done by Boris Vallejo.

When I saw the first issues of **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE** I was pretty disappointed. Otherwise, the only decent stories were the ones by Tom Palmer and Gray Morrow. However, the second and third issues of NM and PSY have shown great strides toward becoming top-quality publications. I hope these new high-quality standards are continued to be used. I also hope the level of quality continues to rise to even greater heights. Good luck!

Duffy Vohland  
Clarksville, Ind.

And we hope that by now, you've noticed our steady climb for the high-quality of art and scripts. The only direction we know how to go is up.

# THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

By JEFFREY ROVIN



Those of you familiar with Skywald Magazines know it our policy to present ideas that are novel, art that's alive, and a format always fresh and entertaining. Now, in order to better maintain this high standard of quality, editor Sol Brodsky has created **THE PSYCHO-ANALYST**, a department seeking to involve you, the reader, with our magazines in a fashion unique to the field of illustrated fiction.

Essentially, this page is a means for Psycho fans to ask questions of the artists and writers who work for our publications. Want to know from where Skywald authors get their ideas? Or perhaps you wish to learn just what your favorite artist thinks of his own work? Well then, faithful reader, all you need do is send your query to **PSYCHO-ANALYST**, 18 E. 41 St. Rm. 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017 from where I, your anxious servant, will find it an answer. It's as simple as that!

Sparked by a letter from Mike Tierstein of Brooklyn, New York, this issue's **PSYCHO-ANALYST** interviews author Al Hewetson regarding "Hag of the Blood Basket," a tale that graced the June edition (#4) of our companion magazine, **NIGHTMARE**. Although a yarn from the pen of Mr. Hewetson is featured in this issue of **PSYCHO**, I decided to ask Al about that particular fable because of its peerless, original, and thoroughly terrifying vision of Hell.

"I hope it really was frightening," said Mr. Hewetson, "because in its purity it was very, very human indeed! I find it stupid that man commits violence to defeat violence. This takes form in the story by having a violent woman die violently, go to a violent endless hell which she thinks she escapes, only to be bound for eternity to a violent underlife. It is a man's idea that for his every action he will be paid off by an equal re-action. This is the theory of hell, that if man lives a bad life, he will be paid off by a bad afterlife. It must surely follow then, that if man commits violence he will also invite more violence to follow. It was an intended pun on this philosophy that the Toad Mag lose her head for after all, is hell not conceived in the head?"

"Hell can be escaped by knowing how, by knowledge. This is the moral of the tale."

On the art and ultimate treatment of his script, Mr. Hewetson passed comment as follows:

"I think the text said everything I hoped to say. It is particularly delightful to work for Skywald because they do not refuse to print a point of view, as others in the field have. Sean Todd's art I have always found praiseworthy, and I appreciate the superb rendering he gave my script, which I think was very hard to work from in this case."

As an aside, "Hag of the Blood Basket" was originally titled: "The Descent of the Toad Hag into Bedlam," but was later changed because we felt since the story both started off and closed with strong reference to a bloody head basket, it would be more meaningful."

And meaningful it was, Al! Thanks!

Well, that just about does it for this issue's **PSYCHO-ANALYST**. Remember, this is YOUR column to mold and move as YOU see fit! Your letters will determine future topics of discussion, interviews and inside information—so don't be afraid to write! Readers enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelopes will receive personal replies.

Until next issue, this is **THE PSYCHO-ANALYST** wishing you all many hours of action-packed reading . . . . . Skywald style!

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THE

# HEAR

A THING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN!!

LOOK  
OUT--!

IT-- IT BURST  
UP OUT OF THE  
POOL!

WHAT  
IS IT?!

THE CAVERN BECAME THEIR HOME! A PLACE TO LIVE --- A PLACE TO COME BACK TO AFTER THEY ROBBED AND FILTERED WHAT THEY NEEDED FROM THE NEARBY TOWN. THE COOL, CLEAR WATER OF THE POOL WAS REFRESHING TO TASTE AND FEEL. YET, THIS AND THE ATMOSPHERE WHICH WERE FILLED WITH CHEMICALS WAS CAUSING PHYSICAL CHANGES! THEIR MINDS AND BODIES HARBORED STRANGE NEW EMOTIONS! --- PECULIAR LUSTS! THEY NO LONGER CARED WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE OR WHAT THEY WERE TURNING INTO! THEY ONLY WANTED TO LIVE AND REVEL IN THEIR ---

# CAVERN OF

HURRY...  
GO FIND  
KARG!

LESS THAN TEN MINUTES BEFORE...  
THE HEAP WAS SINKING INTO QUICK-  
SAND... COUNTING HIS LAST MOMENTS,  
TRYING TO ACCEPT THE INCONCEIVABLE  
FACT THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO DIE...



INSTINCTIVELY, HE GULPED HIS  
LAST BREATH AND FOUND TO HIS  
SURPRISE THAT HIS LUNGS WERE  
NOT BURSTING FOR AIR...

HE MUSED AS HE SANK INTO THE  
BLACKNESS OF THE COZE AROUND  
HIM, THAT NOW THAT HE WAS NO  
LONGER HUMAN, IT WOULD TAKE  
LONGER TO DIE!

AND THEN, WITH *UNEXPECTED  
SUDDENNESS*, HE FELT HIMSELF  
BEING WRENCHED DOWNWARDS...  
PULLED BY AN OVERWHELMING SUC-  
TION AND FLUNG INTO THE COLD  
BRACING TORRENT OF A GUSTE-  
REANAN STREAM...



DOOM





WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

IT'S COMING OUT!!

KARG! WHERE IS KARG?!



SOME KIND OF POLLUTION... OR SOMETHING IN THE WATER APPARENTLY HAS AFFECTED THEM!

WHO CALLS KARG?!

HURRY, KARG! SOME KIND OF MONSTER HAS INVADED US! R--- HE'S COMING OUT OF THE POOL!

SHE CALLS ME A MONSTER! WHAT DO THEY THINK THEY LOOK LIKE?!

KARG WILL DESTROY! KARG WILL KILL!

NBODY WANTS TO TALK-- TO TRY AND COMMUNICATE--

---JUST TO KILL!

GO BE IT!



**KRAAK**



**THUD**

**SQUINCH**

THAT  
REALLY  
SHOOK ME  
UP.

THIS  
GUY'S  
SUPER-  
HUMAN!

I DON'T THINK  
I CAN TAKE  
ANOTHER  
JOLT LIKE  
THAT ONE...  
GOT TO GET IN  
CLOSE!—CRACK  
HIS SPINE!

IT'S MY  
ONLY  
CHANCE!

LOOK!  
HARG IS  
WINNING!

**AAAGHH!**

NO GOOD! HE'S  
TEARING OFF  
CHUNKS OF MY  
FLESH!

HE'LL SHRED  
ME TO  
PIECES!

G-GETTING--WEAKER--  
ONLY HOPE--IS TO SMOTHER  
HIM--GOT TO HOLD ON!

DID IT!--I  
DID IT! HE'S  
--DEAD!

--BUT  
WHAT  
NOW?

THEY ARE HESITATING... TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO. WILL I HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ONE BY ONE?

AND WHAT OF THE WAY OUT? WILL THEY SHOW ME THE WAY OUT OF HERE?

THESE PEOPLE MUST HAVE THEIR OWN SORDID STORY TO TELL!

I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T WANT TO KEEP THEIR SECRET LOCKED HERE...

...BY KILLING ME!

I MUST GET THROUGH TO THEM?

MEAN NO HARM ONCE I WAS LIKE THIS

SEE THAT? WHEREVER HE CAME FROM... THE AIR... THE WATER MUST HAVE CHANGED HIM TOO!

THEN HE IS THE IDEAL ONE TO LEAD US AND HELP SPEED THE CONVERSION OF THE REST OF MAN-KIND!

KARE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO THE SURFACE AND BRING BACK MORE PEOPLE TO BE "CONVERTED" WHEN YOU KILLED HIM! NOW YOU ARE THE LEADER. IT IS YOUR PLACE TO GO! LET ME BE THE ONE TO POINT THE WAY...

BOY, AM I IN LUCK!

WHO WANTS TO BE A LEADER!

ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO BE A MAN AGAIN!

STILL, I WONDER HOW THESE PEOPLE BECAME THE WAY THEY ARE?

ABANDONED MINE  
SHAFT! SHOULDN'T  
BE TOO HARD TO  
FIND IF I EVER  
WANT TO COME  
BACK!

NOW- IF  
I CAN  
ONLY GIVE  
THIS GUY  
THE SLIP.

DONE!

NOW TO FIND  
MONTY ELLIOT!  
HE'S GOT TO COME  
UP WITH THE  
FORMULA-- HE'S  
GOT TO!

HOURS PASS, AND THE ELLIOT HOME  
SEEMS ENVELOPED BY THE MYRADS  
SOUNDS OF INSECTS SINGING THEIR  
SONGS IN THE HOT SUMMER NIGHT.

DAD, THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I DON'T CARE HOW  
IMPORTANT THAT PAPER  
YOU'RE WRITING IS! HERE,  
YOU SIMPLY MUST EAT  
SOMETHING!

RIDICULOUS?  
IS THE POSS-  
IBLE CON-  
TAMINATION OF THE DRINK-  
ING WATER ON THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE...  
RIDICULOUS?

OH DAD-- ARE YOU STILL ON THAT  
KICK ABOUT THOSE CANNISTERS  
FILLED WITH BACTERIOLOGICAL  
POISONS THAT THE ARMY  
BURIED YEARS  
AGO?

THEY'RE  
SAFELY SUNK  
IN SOLID BED-  
ROCK WAY  
BELOW THE  
EARTH'S  
SURFACE!

THEY'RE SUNK IN BED-  
ROCK, ALL RIGHT, LAURIE--  
BUT SAFE? WHO KNOWS?  
NEW EVIDENCE UNCOVERED  
RECENTLY PUTS A  
DIFFERENT LIGHT ON  
THE MATTER!

THIS DIAGRAM  
SHOWS WHAT I MEAN!  
WE NOW KNOW THERE  
IS NO SUCH THING  
AS A FLAWLESS ROCK  
FORMATION. SOONER  
OR LATER, CRACKS  
WILL APPEAR. IF A  
CANNISTER WERE TO  
LEAK-- THE MATERIAL  
WILL WORK ITS WAY  
THROUGH THE  
CRACKS--

UNTIL IT REACHED THE  
WATER TABLE WHICH  
CONNECTS WITH THE  
VARIOUS NATURAL  
SPRINGS AND WELLS  
WHICH REACH THE  
SURFACE. SOME-  
WHERE, SOME-  
PLACE AT THIS  
MOMENT PEOPLE  
COULD BE DRINKING  
IT! LORD KNOWS WHAT  
IT'S DOING TO THEM!!

SPRINGS  
BED ROCK  
SHAFT  
CANNISTERS

WATER TABLE

SO THAT'S IT!! THAT'S WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE LIVING  
IN THE CAVERN! THEY'VE BEEN  
DRINKING CONTAMINATED  
WATER! THAT'S WHY THEIR  
BODIES ARE CHANGING!  
I'VE GOT TO LET  
MONTY KNOW!

OH, DID-- YOU'RE  
A WORRY-WART!  
DON'T YOU THINK  
THE ARMY KNOWS  
WHAT IT'S DOING?

THE ARMY IS  
COMPOSED OF  
HUMAN BEINGS!  
AND HUMAN  
BEINGS CAN AND  
DO MAKE  
MISTAKES!!

O.K., DAD! YOU  
WIN... AS USUAL,  
I'M TURNING IN---IT'S  
BEDTIME FOR YOUR  
PUTTIFUL DAUGHTER!  
BUT YOU HIND AND EAT  
THAT SANDWICH!  
THAT'S AN ORDER!  
GOOD NIGHT!

TAP  
TAP

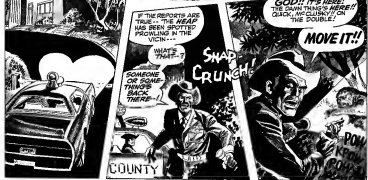
IT  
WAS  
JOHN  
ROBERTS!

LAURENCE  
UPSTAIRS!  
TRY TO BE  
AS QUIET AS  
YOU CAN!

JOHN, DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP TOO  
HIGH, BUT I MAY HAVE HIT UPON A CLUE,  
MAYBE EVEN A SOLUTION, TO YOUR  
CONDITION!

SINCE THE LAST TIME  
YOU WERE HERE, I MANAGED  
TO ISOLATE A FACTOR FROM  
THAT TISSUE SAMPLE  
I TOOK FROM YOU---

I'VE DEVELOPED AN  
ANTIDOTE FROM IT---AND  
I'VE HAD SOME SUCCESS  
ON GUINEA PIGS!



I STILL DON'T GET IT! HOW CAN IT BE THE  
HEAP? WE BOTH SAW IT GO DOWN IN THE  
QUICKSAND---

THE WHOLE POSSE STUCK  
AROUND OVER AN HOUR  
TO MAKE SURE!

IT'S ALIVE, MCCLUSKEY!  
AND GRUESOME AS EVER!  
IT DIVED INTO THAT THOGET  
UP AHEAD! C'MON---

I'M GOING TO  
FINISH IT OFF  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL! THAT MONSTER  
HAS CAUSED ENOUGH  
MISERY AND  
DESTRUCTION!

INTO THE FATHOMLESS  
DARK, HURTLE THE PURSUERS,  
THRASHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE  
ENDLESS TANGLE OF TREES AND SHRUBS.  
NEVER BEYOND THE SOUND OF THEIR QUARRY  
UP AHEAD--- YET NEVER QUITE ABLE TO  
CATCH UP---

[PUFF-PUFF]  
SHERIFF-- I CAN'T  
GO ON! MY SIDES  
ARE CAVING IN!

WE'VE BEEN  
GOING WITHOUT A  
LETUP FOR OVER  
AN HOUR! WHAT  
SAY WE TAKE A  
BREATH?

HANG IN THERE---  
WE'RE WEARING IT  
DOWN--- I KNOW  
WE ARE---

FINALLY---

WE LOST IT!! THAT  
HELLISH THING IS  
CLEVER. IT'S ALMOST  
HUMAN IN ITS  
CUNNING!

LOOK! AN  
ABANDONED MINE!

IF IT'S NOT IN  
THERE--- WE CAN  
BARRICADE OUR-  
SELVES AND HOLE  
UP FOR THE  
NIGHT!

ON TOP OF  
THAT--- I HAVEN'T  
THE SLIGHTEST  
IDEA OF WHERE  
WE ARE!





by Allan Asherman

Like most legends, the story of the vampire has its basis in fact. The most famous documented "vampire" was a Turkish nobleman by the name of Voivode Drakula, who was thought to have sucked the blood of those he killed in battle. Almost every savage tribe in the world has something about blood-drinking in its folklore, so Drakula's ghoulish idea was not something new.

In 1897, author Bram Stoker learned of the Drakula character, and this led him to some interesting ideas. Suppose, he thought, Count Dracula, like the original historical figure, drank blood. But the blood of the living, that had kept the Count unnaturally alive for hundreds of years. How could such a monster be dealt with? What would happen if he came to modern, civilized England? Around these ideas, Stoker wrote his novel "Dracula." It was an instant success.

In 1922, German director F. W. Murnau decided to film "Dracula." He used the German word for "vampire" and his film was called "Nosferatu—A Symphony of Terror." German horror-star Max Schreck, well-designed, moody sets, costumes and plot made "Nosferatu" a hit.

# THE VAMPIRE

Often the vampire searches for food with female vampires (Lugosi & Cukor Borland in "Mask of the Vampire" MGM-1939).



A stage production of "Dracula" opened on Broadway in 1927. The play was by John L. Balderston; taken from Stoker's novel, the character and storyline were condensed and changed. The star was Bela Lugosi. The show ran for 3 years, touring the country.

In 1930, Universal Pictures decided to film "Dracula." They got Balderston to write a script from his play, and signed Bela Lugosi for the title role. The director was Todd Browning, who originally wanted his good friend Lon Chaney for the lead, but Chaney had tragically died while the film was being planned.

Lugosi's performance, plus the unusual subject, made "Dracula" an overwhelming success for Universal. It sparked their entire run of "talkie" horror-films (beginning, after "Dracula," with "Frankenstein," "The Old Dark House," "The Mummy," and "Murders of the Rue Morgue").

The only other actor to identify greatly with the role of "Dracula" is British star Christopher Lee. Starting with the fantastic "Horror of Dracula" in 1958 (issued in Britain as "Dracula"), Lee went on to play the Count in "Dracula, Prince of Darkness," "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave," and "Taste the Blood of Dracula."

Between "Nosferatu" and "Horror of Dracula," there were other vampire films. Lon Chaney Senior had played a vampire in the Todd Browning film "London After Midnight." In this, it was

(Continued on next page)

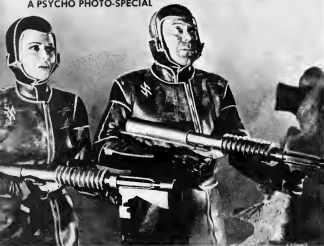


*When killed and freed of their curse, vampires resume their true appearances. (From "Horror of Dracula").*

*With supernatural knowledge and strength, he must suck the blood of the living. (Bela Lugosi as "Dracula" - Univ. - 1931)*



*The vampire, a hideous creature neither living nor dead. (Lon Chaney Senior in "London After Midnight" - MGM - 1927)*



Hunting for vampires? An "atmospheric" still from Melchior's "Planet of the Vampires".



The old on new: Lugosi as count Dracula wearing the Bat-Like cape in which he was buried.

## THE VAMPIRE

learned Chaney was really the Scotland Yard Inspector, who had used the masquerade of a vampire to trap a murderer. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced the film in 1927.

In 1935, MGM again did a vampire film, and Browning again directed. The film starred Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland as two vampires who, we also learn at the end of the film, are actors and not really vampires.

Gloria Holden played "Dracula's Daughter," in the 1936 Universal film that was the direct sequel to "Dracula." Edward Van Sloan, who was Dr. Van Helsing in the stageplay and the film "Dracula," acted his role again.

Lon Chaney, Jr. played "The Son of Dracula" in 1943, in a film that took the Count from Europe to America.

In "House of Frankenstein" (1944) and "House of Dracula," John Carri-

*A Skywald first! Can you identify from where this rare still came? If so, let us know!*

Additional Photos by Jeff Rouse



*Vampires 1965: a publicity still from the color space fantasy "Planet of the Vampires".*

*A classic shot of Lugosi in the role he made immortal: the blood-thirsty count Dracula!*

dine played the Count, looking more like Stoker's description of the character than any other actor.

Lugosi returned as Count Dracula in Universal's spoof of their own horror films, "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948). Even though the script clowned to no end, Dracula did a superb job with his characterization.

So complete was Lugosi's identification with his role, that when he died he was buried in the cape he wore as "Dracula."

There were other films based upon the vampire legend, most notably Roger Vadim's "Blood and Roses," done in 1960, and Mario Bava's "Blood and Black Lace" (1964).

There will probably be many more films made about the vampire—especially about the king of the vampires, "Dracula."



Move next issue. We have plenty of exciting photos in store for you. We've been receiving some interesting suggestions from you fans. Keep 'em coming, and we'll pass them on long to Allan A.



#### **To our Fans:**

We'd like to thank you for accepting PSYCHO and encouraging us to keep on improving the very best in scripts and art. As you know, the cost of just about everything has gone up. We, in producing PSYCHO have one policy—give our fans the best and the most! As you can see, we carry very little advertising, thereby giving you more pages of art than any other periodical. This costs us much more for scripts and art. Also, the cost of printing and paper keeps going up considerably.

So, we are confident that with you aware of the facts, you will continue to be a regular reader of PSYCHO at the new price of 60¢.

Here's to the best in magazines under the Skywald emblem.

*Bill Bixby*  
Editor

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death! are thou hast slain another!

# THE UNHOLY SATANISTS

...SLAIN... IN HER  
PRIME OF LIFE...  
BY A STROKE OF  
OUTRAGEOUS  
MISFORTUNE... BUT  
MORE MEETS THE  
EYE HERE... THIS  
IS MORE... MUCH  
MORE THAN THE  
AVERAGE FUNERAL  
...FOR WHERE IS  
THE MINISTER...  
THE PRIEST? WHY  
IS HE NOT HERE TO  
CONSECRATE THIS  
DEATH...

?

YOU'LL LEARN NOTHING FROM THIS PAGE...  
NOTHING AT ALL... AND NOT UNTIL YOU'VE Poured  
THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PANELS WILL IT ALL "CLICK"  
TOGETHER AND FORM THE TRUE IMAGE OF THE  
DEATH YOU SEE ABOUT YOU. AYE... DEATH... AND SO  
STARTS OUR TALE... A FULL MONTH IN THE EVER-  
REGRETFUL PAST...

DEATH HAS COME NOT EASILY  
FOR THIS WOMAN... THERE HAS  
BEEN MUCH EARL TO HER WAYS...  
AND MUCH DISHONOR... BUT IN  
THE END... MASTER SATAN HAS  
CLAIMED... HIS OWN!



NOOOOOOO...



I'M SORRY, MRS. FRANKLIN...  
I'M SORRY... BUT YOUR  
HUSBAND IS DEAD!

...AND MY BOY PEMBROKE?

NO...NOT THE  
BOY...GOD WAS  
INDEED MERCIFUL  
...THE BOY WAS  
SPARED...HE  
JUST HAS  
BRUISES...



THANK YOU,  
SIDNEY,  
BUT I'D  
PREFER...

WELL IF YOU  
WOULDN'T LET US  
HELP THE BOY...  
AT LEAST COME  
AND LIVE WITH US,  
LORNA...AFTER ALL I  
FEEL I OWE YOU  
SOMETHING.

NONSENSE, SID...  
DON'T SPEAK TOO  
HARSHLY...WE DON'T OWE  
YOU ANYTHINGS...OR THE BOY...  
WE WANT TO HELP YOU OUT...

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MARTHA  
BUT...NO...PEMBROKE AND I ARE  
GOING TO THE COUNTRY...WE  
FEEL IT'S BEST...

BUT HOW WILL YOU  
SURVIVE? HAVE YOU  
MONEY?...I DIDN'T  
THINK MEL WOULD  
BE IN A POSITION  
TO...

HE WASN'T IN  
A GOOD POSITION  
IT'S TRUE, SIDNEY...  
BUT HE DID LEAVE  
US SOMETHING  
ENOUGH TO GET US  
ALONG IF WE LIVE  
QUETLY...



MAMMA...IS THIS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO LIVE...IS THIS WHERE WE'LL STAY?

YES, PEMBROKE... THIS IS WHERE WE'LL STAY...IT'S QUIET, SOME MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN, AND NO ONE WILL BOTHER US...

HERE, COACHMAN...FOR YOUR TROUBLE...AND MIND YOU COME BY LIKE I SAID ONCE A WEEK...AND I'LL TRAVEL INTO THE VILLAGE WITH YOU FOR FOOD AND NECESSITIES.



AT FIRST IT WAS BEAUTIFUL FOR THEM JUST BEING TOGETHER...FORGETTING THEIR TROUBLES...REMEMBERING FONDLY THE FATHER AND HUSBAND WHO HAD LOVED THEM...



...AND AS LORNA WANTED... IT WAS QUIET...NONE TO DISTURB...NOTHING TO BREAK THE STILLNESS OF THEIR NOW CALMED MINDS THAT HAD ONLY WEEKS AGO BEEN IN ANGUISH OVER THEIR LOSS.

...AND IN A FEW MONTHS YOU'LL BE GOING TO SCHOOL IN THE VILLAGE...WILL YOU LIKE THAT...?

YES, MAMMA...BUT I WOULD MUCH RATHER STAY HERE WITH YOU...I WOULD BE HAPPIER...

WHO... WHO ARE YOU...WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MY NAME IS SISTER AGATHA...AND THESE ARE MY SISTERS MAELLA AND JORETTA...WE UNDERSTAND YOU ARE ALONE... WE ARE A RELIGIOUS FRATERNITY...PERHAPS YOU WOULD JOIN US?

JOIN YOU... BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE!



I TOLD YOU WHO WE ARE...WE ARE  
THE UNHOLY SISTERS OF SATAN...

MY EYES...  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING...MY  
EYES...

...OR IF YOU WILL...WE ARE THE UNDEAD...THE  
SLAVES OF A MASTER MORE POWERFUL  
THAN THAT OF MERE MAN...

...MY EYES...GROWING  
WEARY...WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING TO ME...  
GROWING DIZZY...

HERE BOY...  
TAKE THIS...  
AND GET OUT  
OF MY  
SIGHT!

MAMA...WHAT IS  
HAPPENING TO  
YOU...WHO ARE  
THESE WOMEN...  
THEY SCARE  
ME...

YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T HEAR  
YOU NOW, BOY...SHE'S IN A  
TRANCE...AND SOON...WHEN  
SHE BECOMES ONE OF US...  
SHE WILL NEVER HEAR  
YOU AGAIN...

COME NOW, SISTERS...  
WE HAVE A NEW  
RECRUIT FOR OUR Coven  
...BRING HER ALONG  
QUICKLY BEFORE WE  
ARE DISCOVERED...

SOCK!

MAMA...  
HELP ME...  
MAMA...

WHAT...  
DO YOU...  
WANT...OF  
...ME...

WANT OF YOU? NOTHING MY DEAR...WE MERELY  
THINK YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN JOINING US...OUR  
ORDER IS ONE OF THE GRANDDEST IN NEW ENGLAND...  
AND OUR EVENING RITES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN...

WOULD  
YOU CARE TO  
JOIN US?

JOIN...  
YOU...YES...  
JOIN...



THIS IS OUR COWEN, LORNA...WHERE WE CALL UP SPIRITS OF LONG DEAD DEMONS...WHERE OUR MASTER DOES US HONOR BY GRANTING US POWER...UNLIMITED POWER AS YOU SOON SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES LILITH...

POWER...YES...I WANT POWER...MY EYES ARE CLEARING...NOT DIZZY ANYMORE...

I CAN THINK MYSELF AGAIN...I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME...I CAN FEEL POWER GURGING UP WITHIN ME...

YES, LORNA...THE TRANCE IS OFF NOW...IT WAS NECESSARY AT FIRST...BUT WE KNEW YOU WERE ONE OF US--WE'VE KNOWN IT FOR SOME TIME; EACH MEMBER OF OUR SISTERHOOD IS GRANTED A BOON AS SHE JOINS...

WHAT IS YOURS...WHAT DO YOU WANT MOST?

WANT? I WANT MY HUSBAND...MY HUSBAND...I WANT MY HUSBAND BACK FROM THE DEAD...PLEASE...PLEASE...

...AND THEN SHE HIT ME AND TOOK MY MAMA AWAY SOMEWHERE...

BY THE SAINTS...IT MUST BE THE DREADED SISTERHOOD AT IT AGAIN...THEY HAVE A WAY WITH WOMEN IT IS SAID...MAKE THEM DESIRE...AND LUST AFTER THINGS THEY WOULD NEVER LUST FOR IN THEIR RIGHT MIND...

...AYE...YE'R RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING LAD...WE DO NEED HELP FER YER MAMA...AND I'LL BE CALLING YOUR UNCLE SIDNEY RIGHT OFF...HE'LL BE OUT HERE IN A SHOT...DON'T YE'R WORRY!

BUT THE CHILD WORRIES ANYWAY...AND WELL HE SHOULD, FOR AT THIS MOMENT WERE MOMENTS AWAY VILE SHADOWS CAST OVER CLIMBING WALLS SET THE SCENE FOR A BIZARRE SETTING THE GOOD PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND HAVE NOT KNOWN WAS PRACTICED FOR OVER 200 YEARS...THE DREADED ONLY KNOWN AS THE UNHOLY SISTERHOOD... AT THIS MOMENT, CHILD, YOU MAY WORRY...FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOUR MOTHER RECEIVES THE UNHOLY SACRAMENTS OF DEATH...

PLEASE...I WANT BACK  
MY HUSBAND...I WANT BACK  
MY HUSBAND FROM THE GRAVE  
...THAT IS MY BOON OF THE  
SISTERHOOD...

...AND SO IT SHALL BE  
YOURS, SISTER...IF YOU  
DO SWEAR TO ETERNAL  
DEVOTION TO ME AS YOUR  
MASTER...DO YOU SO  
SWEAR...

YES...I SO  
SWEAR...



...AND INTO LONG HOURS OF THE MORNING DOES LORNA MAKE HER DEVOTIONS...HER COMMUNTHINGS LONG INTO THE MORNING WHEN ARRIVES TOO LATE...HER RESCUER...



IT IS NOT SO HARD TO REASON WHY A HUSBAND WOULD LOSE HIS TEMPER AT TORMENT LIKE THIS FOR MEL WAS DEAD AND BURIED...AND RESTING IN PEACE...

...NOT SO HARD TO REASON AT ALL THAT MOM...EVEN AFTER YEARS OF LOVING HER...HE WANTS HER TO RETURN TO THE GRAVE WITH HIM...

DIE...DIE THE DEATH AND SUFFER THE AGONY I HAVE SUFFERED.

NO MEL... STOP! STOP! NO...YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

NO...YOU CAN'T KILL HER...YOU CAN'T...

Pow! Pow!



CAN'T IS A WORD THAT PHILOSOPHERS REJECT...IT IS WITHOUT MEANING...FOR NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE...AND IT HAS BEEN DONE...LORNA NOW BEING LOWERED SILENTLY INTO A GRAVE...AND THE "THING" SHATTERED INTO A HUNDRED FRAGMENTS...

...NO, NO... PLEASE...YOU CAN'T... I'M NOT DEAD... I'M NOT REALLY DEAD!!



BUT WHAT IS THIS BLOOD-CHOKING TWIST OF EVENTS...IS THE WOMAN DEAD OR IS SHE NOT?

AYE, FAIR READERS...SHE IS DEAD...BUT SO CLOUDED IS HER MIND SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT! MYSTIFIED?...REMEMBER THE WORDS OF THE DEMON WHO MADE HER SWEAR DEVOTIONS TO HIM? ...ETERNAL DEVOTIONS...AND THE WORDS OF THE SISTERHOOD PRIESTESS...YOU MUST RETURN AT NIGHTFALL FOR YOUR DEVOTIONS...

NO, NO, DEAR FRIEND...DON'T SWIRK...REMEMBER... NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

DAVID ROSEN

original

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# OUT OF CHAOS



ALL THIS HAS GONE BEFORE--

FROM THE FLAMING RUINS OF MAN, ALL THAT EVER WAS IS NO LONGER. THE SKIES AND THE HEAVENS HAVE DECAYED INTO NOTHINGNESS, AND FROM THIS STYGIAN DESPAIR, SATAN, LORD OF EVIL, SCREAMS, FOR WITHOUT HIS WORSHIPPERS, HE CANNOT EXIST, AND HELL AND ALL ITS TRIBUTARIES MUST VANISH INTO COLD OBLIVION.

AND SO HE PLOTS... TO CREATE THE UNIVERSE ANEW-- BUT A UNIVERSE OF HIS OWN DESIGN... OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE, BUT THESE ARE CREATES WHO DESIRE THEIR OWN UNIVERSE-- DARK, MYSTERIOUS... NEITHER SPANNED IN HEAVEN NOR HELL... THE PROCREATORS-- AND THEIR LIFE NOW-- WHERE A NEW UNIVERSE GROWS WITHIN AN EVER EXPANDING PETIUS, BOTH SIDES STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY, AND THE ENTRANCE TO LIMBO.



**A NEW**

VICTORY IS OURS! TO MY DEMONS!

TO US AND OUR NEW UNIVERSE!



VICTORY IS OURS! REJOICE! REJOICE! REJOICE AND NOW THERE ARE NONE TO QUESTION MY RULE!

I AM THE NEW GOD OVER A NEW WORLD!

# NEW BEGINNING!



BUT ELSEWHERE,  
POWER GROWS AND  
MANIFESTS ITSELF  
IN THE BODY AND  
FORM OF THE  
**PROCREATORS!**

MARCH ON,  
FOR WE ARE  
VICTORIOUS!

--THE FETUS HAS  
GIVEN BIRTH AND  
THE UNIVERSE  
IS **OURS!**

FOR WE ARE  
THE **PROCREATORS**  
OF ETERNITY!

THE TWO  
UNIVERSES ARE  
ABOUT TO  
MESH, HIGH PRIEST!

AND THEY WILL,  
TECHNICIAN, FOR  
WHEN OUR LIFE-  
WORDS WAS OPENED  
ANOTHER UNIVERSE  
WAS BORN AS  
WELL-- THE  
UNIVERSE OF  
**SATAN, LORD OF  
DARKNESS!**







AND WHEN IT IS OVER, THE  
BLOOD OF HELL'S DEAD  
STAIN EVEN THE DARK  
CORRIDORS OF SATAN'S  
CASTLE OF NIGHTMARES!

-- NO MATTER  
HOW HORRIBLE  
IT IS?

ONLY ORACLE  
WOULD KNOW WHO  
STANDS BEHIND THIS  
COLD-BLOODED ATTACK...

BUT WOULD  
HE REVEAL  
THE ANSWER  
TO ME...

AND COULD  
I ACCEPT THE  
ANSWER...

YOU WHO  
MOCKED ME  
IN THE  
PAST--

REVEAL THE  
FACE OF THOSE  
WHO HAVE SEWN  
THIS HORROR  
UPON US...

REVEAL  
IT TO ME  
NOW, AND  
MAYBE I WON'T  
BE YOUR REWARD!

NO!

NO!!

I WILL  
NOT ACCEPT  
THAT-- I  
CAN NOT!

YOUR FACE  
SHOWS DEATH,  
AND I MUST  
LIVE FOREVER!

NOW,  
ORACLE...

NOW!

I AM A GOD,  
ORACLE-- A  
GOD!! AND  
GODS CAN  
NOT DIE!









...A BABY...

...BUT HIS EYES CRY WISDOM BEYOND BELIEF!

AND BETWEEN HIS OPEN ARMS...

LIFE...

WHAT HAVE I OPENED? WHAT HAVE I UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD...? THE UNIVERSE...?



I WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT YOU TO THIS LAND, SATAN...

I NEEDED AN OUTSIDER TO OPEN MY VEE WOMB!

I AM THE COSMOS... THE GALAXIES THEMSELVES SWIRL WITHIN MY BODY...

ENLARGE AT MY WILL...

...AND THEN ARE BORN INTO THE UNIVERSE YOU CALL YOUR OWN...

I AM NEW BORN BUT I AM ALL-TIME.



I AM LIFE...

AND I AM POWER...

I AM SAGE!!

YAGHHH!!



HEAR ME, HIGH PRIEST...

YOU DO NOT SIT ON THE THRONE OF THE UNIVERSE!

YOU DO NOT STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY!



THE UNIVERSE IS MINE AND MINE ALONE...

SAGEN?

THE BOOK FORETELLS OF YOUR RETURN, BUT...



IT DOESN'T MATTER...  
WE ARE POWER...

ALL THE POWER  
THAT CAN BE...

ALL THE POWER  
THAT WILL EVER  
BE...

ARMIES...  
DESTROY SAGE...  
**NOW!!**



ALL THE POWER  
THAT EXISTS  
STEMS FROM ME...  
BORN WITHIN MY  
SOUL...

...AND IS  
EXPELLED AT  
MY WILL...  
WITHOUT ME  
THERE WOULD  
BE NO POWER...

WITHOUT ME  
THERE WOULD  
BE NO  
UNIVERSE!



BUT I AM  
NO STATUE...

...AND I HAVE  
COME TO REST  
UPON THIS  
EARTHEN  
HOVEL...

AND YOU  
SHALL BE  
AMONGST  
THE FIRST OF  
MY WORKSHIPPERS

...ALONG WITH  
THAT OTHER  
WOULD-BE  
GOD!

THERE IS A  
UNIVERSE TO  
REBUILD-- TO  
CREATE A NEW...

TO CREATE  
IN MY OWN  
FASHION...

TO CREATE  
AS MY  
OWN...

BUT NOW,  
BOW BEFORE  
ME, AND PAY  
HOMAGE  
TO MY NAME...

FOR SAGE  
MEANS WISDOM...  
THE WISDOM  
OF THE  
LORD...  
THE NEW  
CREATOR.

**THE  
NEW  
GOD!!**

...THE END?



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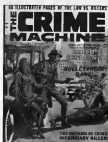


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CHAPTER TWO LEFT THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER HURTLING DOWNWARDS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF THE GREAT NOTRE DAME BELL TOWER, WHERE QUASIMODO HOLDS THE BEAUTIFUL SEER, LILITH, PRISONER...THE MONSTER IS SURE LILITH HOLDS HIS PSYCHIC LINK WITH A MORTAL PAST HE SO DESPERATELY MUST REMEMBER....

# FRANKENSTEIN



**LE SUUB!**

MASTER LE SUUB, I HAVE NOW! I HAVE  
THE LIFELESS YET UNDEAD BODY OF  
THE SURFACE ABOMINATION!

I AM BRINGING YOU  
THE FRANKENSTEIN  
MONSTER!

## THE SEWER TOMB OF LE SUUB! FRANKENSTEIN CHAPTER THREE

OH MASTER OF THE DANKEST,  
DARKEST POOL, SINKERS IN AT HAND! WE  
SHALL RISE FROM THESE SLEEPING BLACK  
CATWINGS AND SPREAD OUR ETERNAL  
DARK SHAKE OVER THE SURFACE!

WE SHALL BLOT OUT THE CURSED SUN!  
DESTROY THE LIGHT SO UNBEARABLE  
TO OUR KIND!

ALL THE WORLD SHALL BE BLANKETED  
IN THE RICH COVERLET OF DAMP DARK  
FEAR...EWE AND HORROR  
TRUMPHANT OVER ALL!

GASP! MASTER! I MEANT  
NO IMPERTINANCE...CHOKE!

OF COURSE WE ARE UNWORTHY...  
WE ARE AS NOTHING BEFORE YOUR  
SERENE DARKNESS...GASP! YOU AND  
YOU ALONE WILL OVERCOME!

THE PAIN SUBSIDES... YOU ARE ALL MERCIFUL,  
MASTER! I STAND BEFORE YOU AND AM  
UNWORTHY TO LOOK UPON YOUR WONDER...



...THE GLORY  
OF LE SUB!

ENOUGH, WORTHLESS MANKIND... WERE IT NOT FOR  
MY UNDOING WILL YOU WOULD NOT KNOW  
EVEN THIS STYgian LIFE!

LEAVE THIS CREATURE OF  
FRANKENSTEIN'S FOLLY!

AWAKEN SURFACE CREATURE!  
ANNOY TO THE WONDER OF  
LE SUB, LORD OF THE DARK!



GOOHH! (SNORR!)  
CAN IT BE? HAVE  
I FINALLY BEEN  
DESTROYED?

HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW  
OF IMMORTALITY! YOU  
WILL LIVE... TO SERVE  
ME! ARISE!

CAN THIS  
BE HELL?

I...I SERVED A MASTER  
ONCE... FRANKENSTEIN! I'LL  
NEVER SERVE ANOTHER!



YOU FEEBLE CORPSE-  
FABRICATED PUPPET!  
YOU DARE OPPOSE  
MY WILL!

FEEL MY  
POWER!

AAARGH!!

YOU HAVE GREAT  
STRENGTH BUT  
YOU WILL GROVEL  
BEFORE ME!

ANNNOOO! GOT  
TO DO SOMETHING!  
CAN'T TAKE MUCH  
MORE OF THIS!

THOUGH SERIOUSLY WEAKENED FROM HIS FALL, THE  
INDestructible MONSTER SUMMONS ALL HIS RESOURCES  
TO WARD OFF THE TORTUROUS TELEPHONIC ASSAULT...

RELENTLESSLY LE GUISH'S MENTAL FORCE WAVES BOMBARD  
THE MONSTER'S BRAIN...



HE IS YOUR  
HUNTER...  
GO TO HIM!

A PETTY DEFENSE  
MY SUPERIOR  
MENTAL POWERS  
WILL DOMINATE  
YOU AS WELL AS  
THE SURFACE  
HUMANS!

THEIR WEAK  
WILLS ARE NO  
MATCH FOR  
MINE!



THE HUMANS SPEND THEIR  
TIME ON FRIVOLOUS NONSENSE,  
WASTE ENERGY ON ABSTRACTIONS  
LIKE ART AND BEAUTY... THINGS  
THAT HAVE NO PLACE IN THE  
NEW ORDER OF THINGS!

YOU WILL HAVE THE  
HONOR OF EMPLOYING  
NO FORCE! YOU, THE  
LIVING MOCKERY OF  
HUMAN KIND!

MUST NOT GIVE  
IN! MUST GET BACK  
TO LAUTIN!

SHE IS THE KEY  
TO MY HUMAN  
PAST... THE KEY  
TO WHO I AM!



ANOTHER WHO WOULD  
USE ME... ENSLAVE  
ME! MUST FIGHT ALL  
SUCH AS HE... HUMAN  
AND NONHUMAN ALIKE!

CEASE YOUR FUTILE  
STRUGGLE SURFACE  
OUTCAST! THERE IS  
NO HOPE FOR YOU!

YOU WILL DO EXACTLY  
WHAT MY ALL POWERFUL  
BRAIN DICTATES!



YOU OWE THE HUMANS NOTHING  
BUT EVERLASTING HATRED!  
YOUR PLACE IS WITH ME!

NEVER! I HAVE TOO  
LONG BEEN DENIED THE  
VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE  
YOU WOULD TAKE FROM  
THE HUMANS!

I KNOW THE HORROR  
OF LIVING WITHOUT LOVE,  
WITHOUT BEAUTY! YOU'LL  
NOT WORK YOUR EVIL  
THROUGH ME!





LEAVING THE FRUSTRATED LE RUIS BEHIND, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, SCOOPS UP LILTH AND SPLASHES DOWN A SIDE TUNNEL.



AND AS  
THE CURSED  
FRANKENSTEIN  
MONSTER,  
AND THE BLIND  
PSYCHIC, LUTHER  
ABOUT THEIR FINAL  
CONFRONTATION WITH  
THE MERCILESS  
LE SUICIDALLY  
AWESOME EVILS  
OCCUR ACROSS  
THE GERMAN  
BORDER....

I WILL HAVE YOUR SECRET OF CREATING  
LIFE, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN! IF I MUST DESTROY  
YOU TO GAIN YOUR KNOWLEDGE, I WILL!

GASP! YES...  
DESTROY ME!  
HAVE AN END  
TO IT!

FROM THE FRAGMENTS  
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO  
SALVAGE FROM YOUR  
FEAR-CRAZED MEMORY  
I'VE WORKED  
EXPERIMENT AFTER  
EXPERIMENT...

I DOUBT THERE IS AN END TO YOU,  
FRANKENSTEIN! WHEN THE MONSTER  
GAVE YOU LIFE AGAIN WEEKS  
AFTER YOU HAD DIED IN THE  
FROZEN NORTHLANDS HE NO  
DOUBT ALSO BESTOWED  
UPON YOU HIS OWN  
IMMORTALITY!

THE FRAGMENTS CRAPPED YOU  
TO PIECES, YET YOU STILL LIVE!  
THIS MACHINE MERELY MAKES IT  
POSSIBLE FOR ME TO  
QUESTION YOU... TO URGE  
YOU TO REMEMBER!

AAAGGHH!

HERE --  
I HELP YOU  
REMEMBER!

I'VE EMPTIED GRAVES FOR MILES AROUND ALL TO NO AVAIL!

ALWAYS THE SAME RESULT--SOME  
EVEN LIVED FOR AN HOUR OR SO...







I'M ELEVATING  
THE SUBJECT! THE  
LIGHTNING  
GATHERING KITES  
ARE ALL TRANS-  
MITTING CHARGES.

STOP! N-NO!  
AAARRGGHH!  
CRASH!

IT'S KILLED  
PRETORIOUS!  
IT'S COMING  
FOR ME!



LIGHTNING  
CHARGED  
LIVE COURSES  
THROUGH THE  
MONSTER!

THE STORM IS AT  
ITS PEAK! THE  
GADAMIC FORCE  
SHOULD BE RELEASED...

NOW!

THE ELEVATED TABLE RETURNS ITS DREADFUL CARGO...



PRETORIOUS!  
IT'S MOVING!  
IT'S COMING  
FOR US!

H-N-H-HAN-

LOOK  
OUT!

I'VE DONE IT!  
I'VE OVERCOME  
DEATH ITSELF!  
COME TO ME, MY  
CREATION!

SUDDENLY THE OVERLOADED  
GENERATORS GUIT!



HAN-H-HAH!  
CRASH!

THE LIGHTS!  
PRETORIOUS!  
I'M HELPLESS,  
CAN'T SEE!  
KEEP THAT  
THING AWAY!



...NOT  
THIS!

CHOP!

HOURS LATER, THE STORM HAD PASSED, DOWN...

OH!...ARM  
BROKEN...MUST  
HAVE PASSED  
OUT! GASPI!

MONSTER  
WENT  
MAD...

...ANOTHER  
FAILURE!  
DO YOU  
HEAR ME,  
FRANKENSTEIN?  
YOU'VE FAILED  
ME AGAIN!

FRANKENSTEIN...?

FRAN--  
GAAAAHH!

N-NO! YOU CAN'T  
DIE ON ME, NOT YET!  
IF YOU DIE YOUR  
SECRET IS LOST  
FOREVER!

BUT WAIT! THERE'S  
MUSCLE MOVEMENT,  
EYE MOVEMENT...  
YOU'RE ALIVE!  
INCREDIBLE!

THUD!  
THUD!

WHAT'S THAT?  
THE DOOR!

ONE PASSENGER AND  
ONE...ER...BOX? YES SIR, I  
TRUST YOU DON'T MIND  
TRAVELING ALONE, SIR?

OH, I AM  
SELDOM  
ALONE THESE  
DAYS! HEH-  
HEH!

A MESSAGE  
DELIVERED  
BY A DARK  
CLOAKED  
CALLER  
SENDS  
PRETORIOUS  
RACING  
TO THE  
LOCAL INN  
WHERE  
THE COACH  
FOR FRANK  
IS JUST  
LEAVING...

NEXT:  
FRANKENSTEIN  
MEETS  
THE  
PHANTOM  
OF  
THE  
OPERA!

THE WAY TO SUCCESS IS **QUALITY!**  
THAT'S WHY WE'VE WORKED SO  
HARD TO ACHIEVE IT!  
THAT'S WHY WE'VE GATHERED  
TOGETHER THE GREATEST ARTISTS  
AND WRITERS IN THE FIELD!

But due to overoll rising  
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Which means oll it would  
cost you is sixty cents  
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Isn't quolity worth it?  
Isn't more poges of art  
ond editoriol than any  
other mogozine hos, worth  
o little extro?

**SEE FOR YOURSELF!**

Thumb through the next issue of

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Look at the beauty  
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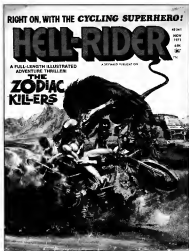
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PENETRATING STORIES OF WHAT'S  
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it like it is!

**HELL-RIDER**

NO. 3 NOV. 1971

ON SALE NOW